





## A YANKEE IN GRAY

By CHARLES E. LEWIS (M. QUAD).

Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.

(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The gang had gone far enough—perhaps too far. The Percys were loyal southerners and people of influence, and this disgraceful raid, even though made under a reasonable protest, might be sternly rebuked by higher authorities. Those in citizens' dress were no better than pawns; those in uniform had no authority beyond what Ike Baxter assumed.

As Marian stood facing the crowd, her face expressing the contempt she felt and her eyes flashing a menace from man to man, they began to fall back toward the horses.

"Don't let my skin, but why didn't I kill that cursed nigger when I had a chance?" growled Ike Baxter. "Ar' yo' all goin' to let that gal stand up off in this way? If she ain't his daughter, then her's a sympathizer and order her to get in! I move we shoot the nigger and burn the house!"

"We won't do anything of the sort," said the sergeant, now pushing forward for the first time. "We was sent yere to capture Kenton and Drayton, and I reckon 'olther things had better be left alone. If that gal wasn't in the house when yo' all searched it, then what did she cum from?"

One of the men replied that he thought he had caught sight of her up the road about five minutes before she appeared among them, but wasn't sure. Ike Baxter said he had been following Uncle Ben up the highway when she appeared, and it was rightly concluded that the fugitives were not a great way off. Just then they were joined by three more guerrillas, and the entire gang headed up the road and were soon out of sight. As they moved away Uncle Ben's tears began to fall, and he whispered:

"Ood bless yo', Miss Sunshine, tureber an' fureber for what yo' dun did fur me, but I'zo got powerful had news to tell yo'!"

"Is mother dead?" she asked as the color went out of her face and her lips grew white.

"She was dead when I dun got yere!"

"Uncle Ben," whispered the girl, choking back the walls of sorrow which sought to pass her lips. "I know yo' are stiff and lame and sore, but I want yo' to try to reach the Federal army and bring help!"

"I hadn't hurt much—only just a little bit—an' I'll start right off," she answered. "I'll go, an' I'll keep gwine till I drop down in my tracks!"

"God grant that you may be in time!" she prayed as she turned away to enter the house of the dead, while the old man lost not a moment in setting out on his journey down the road.

Let us see how things went on at the camp. Marian had no sooner left it than Steve Braxton still further strengthened the defenses. The ground to the south was fairly clear for a charge, but in no other direction could a body of men make a rush. The camp was on the crest of a knoll, and no spot within rifle shot commanded it.

"Iigger just this way," said Steve as he overhauled the ammunition and saw that both guns were ready for service. "That Ike Baxter was sent down to the house last night to sort up ar' send for Captain Wyle. Uncle Ben don't smash him hard 'nuff, and he won't be back to the house, got his wife to fix him up and then skulked off. I don't reckon he n' had far to go. It's pretty shore that some of our company will show up 'doozin' the day, and yo' kin bet yo' last morn' that them guerrillas ain't given up the chase! Bofor-morn sunthin's bound to bust!"

"And what would you advise?" asked Kenton, seeing that Steve was in doubt about something.

"Seems to me the situation is about as follows," replied Steve. "We ar' both Confederates. We've fit in several battles. We've bin captured and got away. We've bin in a heap o' fine chinwag up mighty pore rations and marchin' up an' down the kentry to prove our patriotism. Do yo' follow?"

"Yes."

"That's one side. Now the other is that a sartin gal loved yo' better'n she did Captain Wyle, and fur that reason he on has bin tryin' to get shet o' yo' by fo' means or foul. He's got the whip-saw on yo' and means to hold it. If he gets hold o' yo', sunthin's goin' to happen, and yo'll be the one to be hurt. With that major down on yo' about the Harrisonburg font, and with Ike Baxter and half a dozen others ready to smother anything the captain wants, yo' n' won't stand no mo' show than a coon crotched in a co'ncrib. Am I right?"

"Yes, that's about the way of it, but what about you? You have been my friend and comrade from the start. You have periled your life to save mine. I owe you a debt of gratitude, and I don't want you to sacrifice yourself for my sake. They have nothing against you which will not be overlooked. They want to get me out of the way, and there is every chance that they will accomplish their object. I would be selfish to pull you down with me after what you have done."

"And what?" queried Steve.

"Give me one of the guns, prop me up over there, and then get I'll die right here after making the best fight I can!"

"Yank," said Steve as he moved over and held out his hand. "yo' don't begin to know Steve Braxton for yo' think he's any sich critter! I was n' right down there at Winchester, and I've lived through all my life and loved and loved Yankees as hard as anybody. I want into the war with a whoop, and I jest believe everything was plumb right and all hands round till I saw how the captain and the whole company was playin' dirt on yo'. Yo' n' n' Yankee ben, and yo' got mo' clean skin in yo' cravat than anybody I ever met up with before!"

"You got to kick right yere. If we can't get away, I'm going with yo'. If them guerrillas ar' too many for us, we'll both die right yere!"

Kenton protested and argued, but Steve was determined. He took a tin pill which had contained food and fished it with water at a spring not far away. Then he carefully moved Kenton over to the south side of the camp, propped him up at a loophole in a sitting position and sat down beside him to wait.

"I've fished this out a bit," he said as he peered through his loophole for signs of danger. "If them chaps had found yo' at the house, yo'd hev bin carried off to camp. Bein as they'll find yo' yere, and bein as they'll be a font, that won't be no carryin' away if they git the better of us!"

"You mean they'll kill me here and have done with it?" replied Kenton.

"Exactly, and mo' too! Then that won't be no charges, witnesses or trial. They'll report that we fit to the last, and it will be all plumb settled for them as wants us out the way. That fore, I should w'd better jest shoot to kill and git all the revenge we kin. Steady, now! I think the critters hev smelt us out!"

Half a mile up the road from Rest Haven the gang had left their horses and divided into two parties to search the hills on each side of the highway. Steve had caught sight of two or three men moving toward the camp through the scrub.

"I won't shoot to kill—no! this time!" he whispered as he thrust the barrel of the carbine through the opening. "I'll jest fling a bullet down there to let 'em know that the Confederate Yankee army has had breakfast, pulled its boots on and is ready for business!"

His shot was followed by a yell which announced to the other party that the fugitives had been discovered, and 10 minutes later the camp was surrounded. Among the enemy was a man who had seen Royal Kenton fall when fired upon, and it was therefore known that he was wounded. How far he was disabled, however, could only be guessed at.

Steve Braxton was known to be with him, and Steve was also known to be a fighter. It was therefore decided not to open fire until other means had been resorted to and failed. Thirty minutes after the first appearance of the enemy a flag of truce was shown among the scrub, and the bearer cautiously advanced until within hailing distance. His advance was from the south side, and both men hid him under their eyes. It was Ike Baxter, and he halted about pistol shot away and called out:

"Hallo, yo' there! I want to speak to yo' uns 'bout a minute!"

"Waal, fire off yo' breath!" replied Steve.

"We uns has dun clean surrounded yo' uns, and yo' d' better give in!"

"Yes?"

"If yo' uns will give in, nobody will be hurt. If yo' uns don't give in, we uns ar' bound to wipe yo' out! We uns is a hundred strong, with two cannons!"

"That yo', Ike Baxter?" called Steve, as if doubting the other's identity.

"Yes."

"Waal, I've got my gun piked for a shot right batwixt yo' doggone eyes, and if yo' n' kin't back that among yo' gang befo' I count 10 I'll pull trigger! If yo' want us, cum and n' us!"

Five minutes later fire was opened on the fort from all around the circle, and the enemy were shouting and cheering as if a victory had already been nearly won. While most of their bullets flew clear over the piled-up rocks, those which were better aimed did no damage whatever. Not a shot was fired in reply. Kenton's position caused him considerable pain, and Steve removed the prop from his back and laid him down with the remark:

"They n' will keep bustin' away fur half an hour yit, and we uns kin take things easy. I reckon the firm will make the gal a bit uneasy, but it'll also bury up the Yankees in case they ar' on the way."

"That's what we must hope for," answered Kenton, "but watch out that we are not taken by surprise."

The firing attracted the attention of a party of seven or eight guerrillas who were hunting for the fugitives on their own account, and they came up and joined forces with the larger body. The entire force then numbered, as near as could be estimated by the firing, about 25 men. All they could hope to gain by their blazing away as they did was that a stray bullet might find a tar-

get in one of the defenders, but this did not happen. After expending enough cartridges to equip a whole company for a raid the firing suddenly ceased.

"Now, then, Yank, they all's comin' to close quarters, and I want yo' help!" said Steve Braxton as he proceeded to raise Kenton to a sitting position and prop him up as before. "Yo' take the shotgun. Both har's ar' loaded with buckshot, and yo' order drap about fo' of the critters and wing two or three mo'!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Uncle Ben had started out bravely enough, but after he had traveled a mile or so he began to grow faint and weak. He was not only an old man, but the weather, some, through which he had passed in the last few hours, together with the physical pain he had endured, rendered him inefficient to tax his strength to the utmost.

He fought against the feeling until at length the rocks and trees seemed to be whirling round and round, and the frozen highway to be sliding from under his feet, and then he dropped to the earth and gasped:

"O Lawd, how I feel cum just yit! Give me ole man strength 'uff to reach dem Yankees, an' doo yo' kin take him away! I dun can't st'p yere, O Lawd! I've got to keep trawlin' till I find Mars

Stearns or tell him dat Miss Sunshine wants him!"

After a rest of three or four minutes he rose up and moved on. He slipped and staggered as he advanced, but he shut his teeth hard and would not yield to the weakness seeking to pull him down. Two events happened to brace him up and restore a portion of his strength. He had gone a distance of about two miles and was just passing the cabin of a "poor white" which had been deserted for the last month when Mrs. Baxter suddenly appeared. She had traveled two miles toward the Yankees lines after leaving Rest Haven instead of going the other way, but it was to strike a pass leading over the range into the Shenandoah. She had been waiting there in hopes to hear from Ike, who had told her that he would return for his revenge. Uncle Ben was no doubt possessed of the information she longed for, and though realizing his feelings toward her she made bold to step out and meet him.

"What yo' yere?" shouted the old man at the top of his voice as soon as he set eyes on her. "Fo' do Lawd, woman, but if I ever git hands on yo' I'll kill yo' fur shor!"

"Had Ike cum when yo' left the place?" she asked, pretending not to notice his outburst of anger, but at the same time preserving a respectful distance between them.

"Yo' ole cat! Yo' ole shodabbill!" he exclaimed as he rushed at her. "Yo' kin do one who ruined all dis trouble to Miss Sunshine, an' I'll aroke every bone in yo' body!"

She retreated before him and held up her hand as a caution to him to listen. The soldiers and guerrillas had begun firing on the camp. The distance was two miles or more, but the morning wind was blowing from the south, and the reports of the muskets came plainly to their ears. Both realized at once what was going on. The woman laughed as she observed:

"Ike's goin' to git 'em fur shor! Ike will be an ossifer now and ride the best critter in the company. Reckon yo' must 'n' bin hidin' out when Ike got thar, or yo' wouldn't be yere now. He was goin' to bury yo' an' alive."

The reports of the guns told Uncle Ben that the two men in camp had been attacked, and that he had not a moment to waste with the woman. All his strength and resolution had returned, and without heeding her words he started off at a stout pace. She felt certain of his mission, and she was determined to detain him if possible. Mrs. Baxter was not only a fearless woman under all circumstances, but in such a crisis as this she was desperate. If Uncle Ben brought help, all that had been gained would be lost, and she might be killed or captured with the rest of the gang. She stepped aside to let the old slave pass and then followed at his heels, threatening, taunting and commanding by turns and almost daring to lay hands on him. If she had been armed with knife or pistol, she would have attacked him at once. As she was not she continued to follow him in hopes of encountering some one on the highway. If a white man, and she cried out to him that the black had dared to raise his hand against her, Uncle Ben would be seized, if not shot down in his tracks.

Aggravated and annoyed by the pain of the blows inflicted by Ike Baxter, undaunted by the danger of the general situation, it was no wonder the old man suddenly turned at bay with the glare of a hunted wolf in his eyes. She was too close to him to escape. Springing forward, he seized her by the shoulders, lifted her from the ground, and with a mighty effort heaving her clear of the road. At that point the ground sloped sharply away toward a ravine, and as the woman struck the earth with stunning force she rolled over and over until she finally brought up against a bush 60 feet away.

"Do Lawd forgive me, but I couldn't dun hell!" growled Uncle Ben as he continued his way. "Day's arter Miss Sunshine, an' day's arter me, an' day's arter Mars Kenton, an' do good ole missus an' lyn die in de house, an' what's gwine to becom of us all I dunno!"

With eyes fastened on the pathway, with teeth hard shut, with words of prayer rising to his lips and a constant struggle against the feeling of despair seeking a lodgment in his heart, the faithful old slave pressed on, mile after mile, and suddenly found himself confronted by a party of horsemen in blue uniforms. The goal had been won, and as he realized it up went went his arms, and he sank down on the icy road.

"Runaway dakey, but he isn't pursued that I can see," observed the captain of the troop as he ordered a halt. "Some of you men live him up with a sip of whisky."

A sergeant dismounted and put a flask to Uncle Ben's lips and forced some of the contents down his throat. In a couple of minutes the old man sat up and looked around.

"Were you running away?" asked the captain as he rode closer.

"Whar—whar's Mars Custer?" gasped Uncle Ben in reply.

"General Custer? Oh, he was some miles away. And you want to see him?"

"Miss Sunshine dun wants him, but—wants him to cum quick! De guerrillas an' de seizers an' up dar tryin' to burn de house an' kill everybody!"

Uncle Ben was so overcome that it took 10 minutes to get his story straight. The troops numbered only about half a company and had been sent out to intercept a Confederate mail courier who was expected to enter that valley through Hampshire's gap, three miles away. The captain wrote a note and sent it off to the Federal lines by courier, but could do no more in the matter. Uncle Ben was given some rations to make a breakfast of, provided with a blanket by a kind-hearted trooper and instructed to wait for the force which would be sure to come up within two or three hours.

Let us anticipate their coming. As the fugitive had drawn no reply from the fort, the enemy at length concluded that its defenders had been disabled. They also realized that the sounds of battle might reach Federal ears and bring up a force to the rescue, and it was therefore decided to withdraw upon the camp without further loss of time. As Drayton had predicted, they found the open ground to the south. The entire force followed in two lines for a charge, and as a movement or two

showed that they were about ready to advance Steve quickly remarked:

"I dunno what Jeff Baxter bought this yere carbine, but it was a mighty cute trick in him. She's good for seven shots as fast as I kin pull trigger, and that means that sunthin's goin' to git hurt. Yo' n' hold yo' buckshot till they git on this side of that bush. How yo' feelin', Yank?"

"All right."

"Of co'se yo' ar'. Yo' ar' lookin' jest as natural as an ole hilt Yere they cum!"

With a chorus of yells that would have done credit to a war party of Pawnees, the enemy broke cover and advanced at a run. They were hardly in the open before Steve began blazing away. His fire was fast and deadly, but it did not check them. It was only when Kenton, who was coolly waiting for them to pass the bush, let fly both barrels into them at just the right range for buckshot to do its best that the charge was broken, and every man on his feet sought safety in precipitate retreat.

"That is awf'!" whispered Kenton as the smoke blew away and gave them a clear sight of the ground.

"Lands, but we uns boy licked the hull southern confederacy!" answered Steve.

At first sight it seemed as if half the charging force had been wiped out, but after a moment some of those who had fallen began to creep away to the shelter of the rocks and bushes. They were allowed to do this without molestation. Five remained there in plain sight, however, and not one of them would ever stand on his feet again. There was no further movement for half an hour. The bestagers realized that they were not strong enough to carry that fort, even though it held only two

defenders, and they resorted to strategy. A flag of truce finally appeared, and the soldier who bore it was permitted to approach within 30 feet of the rocks. There he halted and said that 10 more men had come up; that Ike Baxter had been sent off to the Confederate lines for artillery and more soldiers; that the men then surrounding them had become so desperate that unless the twin surrender within 10 minutes a squad would be detailed to go and burn Rest Haven and wreak revenge on Marian Percy.

It was a threat intended to strike Royal Kenton a heavy blow, and it succeeded. As he heard the words and realized their import his face grew white as snow, and he whispered to Steve that the terms must be complied with.

"Don't yo' believe it!" was the blunt reply. "It's simply a game to rattle us. Don't yo' remember that Uncle Ben was to start out the first thing this mornin' to find the Yankees? He on's had time, and it's likely they're on the way. The gal is southern and loyal, and even though some of these chaps ar' guerrillas they can't go that far."

"But suppose they dared to?" pleaded Kenton.

"Then they'd do it arter they had cut us to pieces, the same as befo'. Look at them dead folks out thar. D'yo reckon they'll spare us arter that? Hark! Whoopie! By the livin' jingo, but the Yanks hev showed up at last!"

(Continued on third page.)

An Editor Nearly 50 Years

Says Hood's Sarsaparilla is a Strong and Valuable Remedy.

Mr. E. A. Norris, Fitchburg, Mass.

A man who has had nearly half a century of experience in newspaper life is certainly capable of judging between the valuable and the worthless. Hence we highly value the following statement from Mr. Erasmus A. Norris of Fitchburg, for nearly 50 years editor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire newspapers:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen: In 1877, after a sickness of two years, I was given up by our best physicians, who considered my case hopeless, my life, I believe, against me. But by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was able to get about and do a little light work. It seems almost a miracle in my case, that after using Hood's Sarsaparilla in the fall, on the first day of January I was called for the city of Fitchburg to take the record of the births. I accomplished this with comparative ease, being out in the

Unusually Severe Weather

of winter, working every day, and have been able to do a fair day's work every day since. Several members of my family have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and always with marked benefit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is as simple as

Hood's Cures

Sore in our house, and its presence almost as indispensable. I feel that nearly every medicine deteriorates, but Hood's keeps up the quality all these years that I have known it. It is certainly a sterling and invaluable remedy. I can hardly imagine what I should have done without it."

Erasmus A. Norris, No. 7 Lincoln St., Fitchburg, Mass. Set HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are sold every where, and perfect in proportion and appearance. No. 1 box.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and still always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

EDWIN F. PARSONS, M. D., "The Watchdog," 1234 Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 HURLEY STREET, NEW YORK.

The Arizona Kicker.

The funny business. From the time we could talk to the present day we have been considered more or less funny. We have never desired to make a profession of it, but were content to be reasonably funny for reasonable pay.

When we established the Kicker, we gave ourselves no other motto than that to get off some real good things. The first issue didn't bring us any return. The second did. In the second we had a squab about Mr. Hoke and his bucking broncho. Mr. Hoke was a purely imaginary character, and we had him bucked out of the saddle in a way that tickled the compositor if nobody else.

The fact was hardly dry on the paper before old Cy Schumacher kicked the office door open and bellowed:

"Whar's the critter what has gone to work to burr up my tender feelin's and make me cry fur the next week?"

"What has hurt your feelings?" we asked.

"That article about Hoke and his broncho. I hadn't felt so broke up in 10 years. 'Trot out the kuss what you put in that job on Hoke!' We had to admit that Mr. Hoke and his bucking broncho had no existence in fact, and that the whole thing was only a little joke on ours. 'Then old Cy dashed his nuts on the floor, jumped up it with both feet and pounded our editorial table as he yelled:

"What's a joke? Show me the reptile! Trot him right out yere that I might get my paws on him!"

We tried to explain, but Mr. Schumacher kicked over chairs and tables and left us lying on the floor with a dim suspicion in our mind that we had made a failure of the funny business. Some months later we began to feel the inspiration again and invented a very funny article about a man and his wife-in-law. We called the man Mr. Kabuff, and for fear of results we laid the scene over in Utah. The day after publication we were reading the article for the fifth time and snapping our legs when we walked a solemn looking old relic of the stone age and said:

"I want you to gime the abidin place of that kyote named Kabuff!"

"What for?"

"I'm going to camp on his trail! Durn his hide, but I'll hev both his ears to grease my heels with afore I let up on him!"

"He's over in Utah."

"But whar house? Locate him! That mother-in-law of his is a woman, and any blamed critter of a man in this kentry who'll hurt a woman's feelin's has got to grow wings and fly away, or ole Pete Tarbell will wallop him!"

We thought it prudent to acknowledge that the characters were purely imaginary, and at the same time read the article over to Mr. Tarbell and laugh and said to make him laugh too. It was no go. He called me a liar and deceiver, tore our coat and pulled our hair, and when he departed he was sorry we had any excuse for living. In the last two years we have had three funny men on the staff of the Kicker. All came here believing that this was one of the richest fields in America.

The first one wrote up something to tickle the funny bone and left town with a bullet tickling his jawbone, and the second founded a very funny article on an accident that happened in the Bald Eagle Saloon. We forgot whether the crowd which came over to the office numbered 12 or 18 men, but we distinctly remember that when the shooting began our funny man asked for a week's vacation and bolted for the hills. A month or two later we heard of him in Alaska, and he was still moving on.

The third man started out to locate all his incidents up in Maine and New Hampshire, and for three weeks all went well. Then he got careless and had a broad horn steer chase a fat man up Cooshee place.

We didn't say anything when we read his article in print, but gave him the general courtesy of the trail to Prescott and the quantity of crackers and cheese usually consumed on the journey. He took the hint and the \$2 salary due him just three minutes before ex-judge Hoshier, who is a fat man and lives on Cooshee place, came puffing in with a gun in either hand and gasped out: "I won't give the miserable scinner but just seven seconds to write to his mother and fall dead before me!"

The funny man had a safe start, but the judge stopped his subscription to

'LYKENS VALLEY' COAL

NOW DISCHARGING BY

GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & Co

TWO CARBOLES BY LYKENS VALLEY and 'COBBIN' RED ASH

COAL

Stove and Chestnut Sizes.

FARMERS

Now is the time to lay in your winter supply of "Coal." We have got every thing to suit you at a summer price. Waits Ash Coal in all sizes that is the very best quality mined. Lykens Valley and Red Ash Coal, clean, dry and clean of stone.

PERRY & BROTHERS.

EDWARD P. MARSH,

Funeral Director & Embalmer.

101 & 103 Thames Street. Residence, 14 Everett St

Telephone Connection.

182 THAMES ST.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and still always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

EDWIN F. PARSONS, M. D., "The Watchdog," 1234 Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 HURLEY STREET, NEW YORK.

The Arizona Kicker.

The funny business. From the time we could talk to the present day we have been considered more or less funny. We have never desired to make a profession of it, but were content to be reasonably funny for reasonable pay.

When we established the Kicker, we gave ourselves no other motto than that to get off some real good things. The first issue didn't bring us any return. The second did. In the second we had a squab about Mr. Hoke and his bucking broncho. Mr. Hoke was a purely imaginary character, and we had him bucked out of the saddle in a way that tickled the compositor if nobody else.

The fact was hardly dry on the paper before old Cy Schumacher kicked the office door open and bellowed:

"Whar's the critter what has gone to work to burr up my tender feelin's and make me cry fur the next week?"

"What has hurt your feelings?" we asked.

"That article about Hoke and his broncho. I hadn't felt so broke up in 10 years. 'Trot out the kuss what you put in that job on Hoke!' We had to admit that Mr. Hoke and his bucking broncho had no existence in fact, and that the whole thing was only a little joke on ours. 'Then old Cy dashed his nuts on the floor, jumped up it with both feet and pounded our editorial table as he yelled:



## Traveler's Directory.

## Fall River Line.

## Only \$2 to New York

For first-class limited tickets. Fare reduced to all points. Steamers LEAVE NEWPORT, week days 9:15 P. M. Sundays 10:15 P. M. Due New York 7:30 A. M. RETURNING, steamers leave New York, week days and Sundays at 5:30 P. M.; due Newport about 8:15 A. M. Fall River 5:30 A. M. and at Providence Tuesday and Friday only. Stop at New Bedford Friday only. For tickets and staterooms apply at Express office, 272 Thames street, J. I. Green, Ticket Agent.

J. I. Green, President, Boston.  
Geo. L. Conroy, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.  
J. H. Jordan, Agent, Newport, R. I.

## CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT CO.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 11,  
LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

## PROVIDENCE

Week days only at 5 A. M. Leave Providence for Newport week days only at 4 P. M.  
Stop at Providence Tuesday and Friday only. Stop at New Bedford Friday only.

EXCURSION TICKETS ONLY 50 CENTS.  
ONEFARE 50 CENTS. TEN TRIP 50 CENTS.

All freight must be delivered at wharf thirty minutes before boat leaves to insure shipment.

A. LIVINGSTON MARION,  
General Manager.

1894 TIME TABLE 1894

Jamestown and Newport Ferry Co.

On and after Thursday, April 5,

STEAMER CONANICUT

WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Newport, 6:45, 9:30 A. M., 12 M., 2:30, 4:15, 6:00 P. M. Sundays, 10:15, 4:30 P. M.  
Leave Jamestown, 6:15, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:20, 5:00 P. M. Sundays at 9:45, 4:00 P. M.

\*On arrival of Providence boat.

## New York, New Haven

## &amp; Hartford Railroad.

## Old Colony System.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations, may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Monday, Jan. 1, 1891, trains

will leave Newport, for Boston, week

days, 7:30, 10:15 A. M., 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

For New York, via Fall River, 7:30, 10:15, 2:30, 5:10 P. M.

Return 3:15, 6:30, 11:15 P. M.

Medical skill can no more replace a lost lung than a lost leg. But

## Consumption

in its early stages yields to the right kind of treatment. Plain cod liver oil is nasty to take and likely to upset the stomach.

**Slocum's**  
OZONIZED  
Norwegian  
COD LIVER OIL  
WITH GUAIACOL

is palatable. It contains ozone, the life-giving principle of sea air, and Guaiacol, made from the resin of beech trees. That is why it cures diseases of the lungs. It produces a great appetite, too, and is pleasant to take.

Send for Book on Ozone, mailed free.

Prepared by T. A. Slocum Co., New York.

## Clothing.

## My Fall

## WINTER STOCK

## Clothing, Hats

## Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

has been received. I should be pleased to see any one that is in need of any of the above goods.

## JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

189 THAMES STREET,

Agent for Rogers, Peet & Co's

Clothing.

## NEW

## Spring Woolens.

## HENRY D. SPOONER

200 THAMES STREET.

## JOHN ALDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

17 Mill Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats

made to order.

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

## Seignorage.

The term "seignorage," which plays so prominent a part in the current financial discussions, is defined by an authority as "the profit, exclusive of cost to manufacturer, between the cost of bullion used, and the price at which the coin is issued, after deducting the loss of bullion in the process of coinage." This he illustrates as follows: The cost of 1,000 ounces of silver at the market rate, of seventy five cents per ounce in gold, would be \$750. This would cost 1,292 pieces, upon which the seignorage would be \$42, less the loss of bullion in manufacture, say about \$8, making \$550. The cost of manufacture of 1,292 pieces would be \$80, thus showing a net seignorage of \$470 upon an expenditure of \$750 in gold for 1,292 silver dollars.

The origin of the term as thus used may be inferred from the following, which is taken from the Century dictionary: "Something claimed by the sovereign or a superior as a prerogative; specifically, an ancient royalty of the crown, whereby it claimed percentage upon bullion brought to mint to be coined or to be exchanged for coin; the difference between the cost of a mass of bullion and the face value of the pieces coined from it." A curious example, by the way, of the changes of meaning words undergo in process of usage.

Commenting on Marriages by Proxy, a description of one of which appeared in last week's Mercury, the Western Weekly says:

If marriage can be sanctioned by proxy, then also the responsibilities of marriage might be borne by proxy. Suppose the mistress of the man had a habit of expressing her opinions not only continuously but also forcibly; what is to hinder the friends of the weary husband from coming in and listening to more or less of the advice, while he goes out to smoke and rest? Such an arrangement would relieve him and not disturb her, and thus one great cause of family discord would be removed; and the interruptions, which are the seeds of trouble, then, suppose the water pail keeps empty, or the coal box is always sawing, or the kindling wood rapidly disappears; the responsibility for it all might be shifted by a simple proxy. Or suppose the stock company, or "the store," or some other resort has more attractions for the husband than his home, why could not the wife, by filing on the dining table a written proxy, relieve herself of the duty of remaining at home, and hasten to the home of her childhood?

Such are only a few of the proxy possibilities, but they are enough to prove that the prospect is a great one. It may be that in the proxy idea rests the answer to the question, "Is marriage a failure?"

Kitty—Tom is down south this winter, and he has just sent me the loveliest little alligator you ever saw.

Ada—How are you going to keep him?

Kitty—I don't know; but I've put it in Florida water until I hear from Tom.

## A YANKEE IN GRAY.

(Continued from second page.)

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The courier dispatched by the captain of the Federal troop reached the lines in due time and handed the message to General Custer, whose brigade was in winter quarters, but scouting and reconnoitering almost daily. An order had been issued by the general in command of the army in the valley outlawing all Confederate irregulars and directing special attention to Mosley's band.

Within half an hour after receiving the courier Custer dispatched two companies of the Sixth Michigan cavalry, with instructions to push forward at a gallop, and 80 minutes later he followed them with the First and Fifth regiments and a battery of artillery. The flying column found old Uncle Ben patiently waiting by the roadside and stopped long enough to hear his story. He gave them the lay of the camp occupied by Kenton and Brayton and was left behind to wait for the main column.

Perhaps the besieging force was in earnest in making the statement which fell from the lips of the flying of trace man as an alternative. They had suffered too severely to try another charge up the narrow way, and the fusillade maintained for hours had been lead thrown away. Ike Baxter had indeed been sent away for reinforcements and a piece of artillery, and the guerrilla portion of the force was thirsting for revenge and rifle for the most desperate deed. The girl had defied them, and her lover had killed two or three of their number, and somebody must be made to suffer.

The sergeant in command of the squad of Confederate cavalry had no control over the guerrillas, but when, as they waited to hear from the men behind the rocks, he heard them planning to wreak their vengeance on Rest Haven, he did all in his power to dissuade them. They seemed to abandon the idea, but under pretense of "having a talk" four or five of them slipped away and started for the house. They were within 20 rods of it and had already divided up the wicked work to be swiftly accomplished when the flying squadron turned a bend in the highway and was upon them. They turned to flee, but half a dozen revolvers cracked, and they were dead men as the last set of fours jumped over their bodies lying on the highway. Not a trooper slackened his rein or a horse broke his gallop.

"Halt! Dismount! Fourth men hold horses! Deploy to the left! Forward and fire at will!"

It was a complete surprise to the Confederates, who had collected in a body to hear what answer might be made to the message sent in. They made a show of defense, but after a fight of five minutes, during which they lost 10 or 12 men, they threw down their arms and surrendered. This event was known in the camp almost as soon as outside of it, and the cheers which Steve Brayton uttered as he perched himself on the rocks were plainly heard as far as Rest Haven.

"Yank, old boy, we are on the top limb now," chuckled Steve as he leaned down and shook Kenton's hand. "As I've got sorter used to the sight of Yankee uniforms, I reckon I'll drop 'em and tell 'em about you and what's got to be done."

"But tell them of Miss Percy first."

Tapped Kenton, whose anxiety was far greater than he had dared betray to his comrades. The prisoners were conducted to the highway and surrounded by a guard, and then the senior captain accompanied Brayton back to the camp. They were not long in deciding what should be done with Kenton. They would remove him to Rest Haven, temporarily at least, and the prisoners would be held there until the main column came up. A rude litter was soon constructed, and Kenton was placed thereon and borne away.

A feeling of dumb despair crept over Marian Percy as she entered the house after Uncle Ben's departure and looked upon her dead. The event was not entirely unexpected, and yet it was a great shock to her, surrounded as it was by such trying circumstances. The mother dead, Mrs. Baxter gone, her lover wounded and bedridden by bloodthirsty

"The Kind that Cures"

Kidney Complaint.

Evidence comes from Mrs. Frank S. Ritter, 30 Water Street, Laconia, N.H., and it is certified to by the signatures of other citizens. She says, for a long time have been troubled with Kidney Complaint, and could not lie or sit or stand without great pain. Also suffered from weak stomach and dyspepsia in its worst form. I was

Constantly Growing Weaker

when I began taking Dana's Sarsaparilla; and from the third dose began improving in health, strength and weight. Instead of being restless at night, I now sleep as in childhood's days, and awake refreshed and cheerful. I do all my own work, and am perfectly cured, as all who know me in the next can testify. No one knows how much better I feel, and it is certainly owing to

DANA'S

SARSAPARILLA

I tried other medicines and doctors without benefit, but have tried all your remedies and found that they did for me just what was claimed for them. Any one suffering as I was should try Dana's Sarsaparilla. "The Kind that Cures."

Dana's Pills are for Constipation, Bile, etc.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

men, Uncle Ben gave after help, an almost certain knowledge that the worst was yet to come—what wonder that the girl was stricken and helpless? The report of every musket reached her ears,



Reigns Supreme

Tobacco

keeps moist.

Always the same.

She could not hold him responsible for the action of others.

As the Confederates came down the road in pursuit of the burial party Custer ordered forward three or four companies, and the pursuers became in turn the pursued. But not for long. A heavy force of troops in gray were coming up, and even a child could have told what that look on General Custer's face portended. For long weeks he had tried to bring on a cavalry fight. The hour had come!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DARK AND COLD AS ZERO.

An Experiment Showing the Vast Pressure in the Ocean's Lowest Depths.

The peculiar physical conditions of the deep seas may be briefly stated to be these: It is absolutely dark, so far as actual sunlight is concerned; the temperature is only a few degrees above freezing point; the pressure is enormous, there is little or no movement of the water, the bottom is composed of a uniform, fine, soft mud, and there is no plant life. All of these physical conditions one can appreciate, except the enormous pressure. At a depth of 2,600 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, 2½ tons per square inch—that is to say, the pressure per square inch upon the body of every animal that lives at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is about 25 times greater than the pressure that will drive a railway train.

Professor Moseley describes an interesting experiment in point made during the voyage of the Challenger. Mr. Buchanan hermetically sealed at both ends a thick glass tube full of air and several inches in length. He wrapped it in flannel and placed it in a wide copper tube, one of those used to protect the deep sea thermometers when sent down with the sounding apparatus. This copper tube was closed by a lid fitting loosely and with holes in the bottom of it, and the copper bottom of the tube similarly had holes bored through it. The water thus had free access to the interior of the tube when it was lowered into the sea, and the tube was necessarily constructed with that object in view, so that in its ordinary use the water should freely reach the contained thermometer.

The copper cap containing the sealed glass tube was sent down to a depth of 2,600 fathoms and drawn up again. It was then found that the copper wall of the case was bulged and bent inward opposite the place where the glass tube lay, just as if it had been crumpled inward by being violently squeezed. The glass tube itself, within its flannel wrapper, was found when withdrawn reduced to a fine powder, like snow almost.

What had happened was that the sealed glass tube, sinking to gradually increasing depths, had held out long against the pressure, but this at last had become too great for the glass to sustain, and the tube had suddenly given way. So violent had been the collapse that the water had not had time to rush in at the perforations, but instead had crushed in the copper wall and brought equilibrium in that manner, and this process is exactly the reverse of an explosion and is termed by Sir Wylie Thompson an "implosion."—Philadelphia Press.

Rain From a Clear Sky.

We have it on the authority of Sir J. C. Ross that in the south Atlantic rain frequently falls in torrents from the clear sky, and he mentions one occasion when it rained for over an hour when the atmosphere was perfectly clear. In Mauritius and other parts of the southern hemisphere rain from a clear sky is of common occurrence.—St. Louis Republic.

One of these was Captain Wyle's, and he smiled grimly as he recalled the circumstances of his last ride over this highway.

Ike Baxter had come into camp on a previous occasion to report that Kenton and Brayton were hiding out near Rest Haven, and that he had been nearly killed by Uncle Ben while trying to follow him to the hiding place of the fugitives. Captain Wyle would wash his hands of the affair, but a detachment was sent away with orders to hunt down and bring in the prisoners. Steve Brayton might be brought in, but he very well knew that Kenton would not be, whether found wounded and helpless or not. After the detachment had accomplished its work he would seek a meeting with Marian Percy, but not before.



Reigns Supreme

Tobacco

keeps moist.

Always the same.

She could not hold him responsible for the action of others.

As the Confederates came down the road in pursuit of the burial party Custer ordered forward three or four companies, and the pursuers became in turn the pursued. But not for long. A heavy force of troops in gray were coming up, and even a child could have told what that look on General Custer's face portended. For long weeks he had tried to bring on a cavalry fight. The hour had come!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DARK AND COLD AS ZERO.

An Experiment Showing the Vast Pressure in the Ocean's Lowest Depths.

The peculiar physical conditions of the deep seas may be briefly stated to be these: It is absolutely dark, so far as actual sunlight is concerned; the temperature is only a few degrees above freezing point; the pressure is enormous, there is little or no movement of the water, the bottom is composed of a uniform, fine, soft mud, and there is no plant life. All of these physical conditions one can appreciate, except the enormous pressure. At a depth of 2,600 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, 2½ tons per square inch—that is to say, the pressure per square inch upon the body of every animal that lives at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is about 25 times greater than the pressure that will drive a railway train.

Professor Moseley describes an interesting experiment in point made during the voyage of the Challenger. Mr. Buchanan hermetically sealed at both ends a thick glass tube full of air and several inches in length. He wrapped it in flannel and placed it in a wide copper tube, one of those used to protect the deep sea thermometers when sent down with the sounding apparatus. This copper tube was closed by a lid fitting loosely and with holes in the bottom of it, and the copper bottom of the tube similarly had holes bored through it. The water thus had free access to the interior of the tube when it was lowered into the sea, and the tube was necessarily constructed with that object in view, so that in its ordinary use the water should freely reach the contained thermometer.

The copper cap containing the sealed glass tube was sent down to a depth of 2,600 fathoms and drawn up again. It was then found that the copper wall of the case was bulged and bent inward opposite the place where the glass tube lay, just as if it had been crumpled inward by being violently squeezed. The glass tube itself, within its flannel wrapper, was found when withdrawn reduced to a fine powder, like snow almost.

What had happened was that the sealed glass tube, sinking to gradually increasing depths, had held out long against the pressure, but this at last had become too great for the glass to sustain, and the tube had suddenly given way. So violent had been the collapse that the water had not had time to rush in at the perforations, but instead had crushed in the copper wall and brought equilibrium in that manner, and this process is exactly the reverse of an explosion and is termed by Sir Wylie Thompson an "implosion."—Philadelphia Press.

Rain From a Clear Sky.

We have it on the authority of Sir J. C. Ross that in the south Atlantic rain frequently falls in torrents from the clear sky, and he mentions one occasion when it rained for over an hour when the atmosphere was perfectly clear. In Mauritius and other parts of the southern hemisphere rain from a clear sky is





## BROWN STONE

# BROWN STONE.

## 'Lecture Specialties.

Flour XXXX Hazal "very best" \$1.50 French Prunes, new and fresh 3 lbs  
 Island Eggs, 100 Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, per can

### WINES.

Clarets,	Gal.	Bot	Madeira	Gal.
Ports & Sherries,	70c	250		1.00
Angelica & Catawba	60c	37c	California Brandy,	3.00
	\$1.00	37c		

These fine goods are from the Celebrated Vineyards of U. S. Senator Sford and are guaranteed to be of absolute purity, and are highly recommended for Medicinal purposes.

### TOKAY WINES.

Especially recommended for women suffering from nervous prostration and requiring a mild and gentle stimulant,

Gallon,	Bottle
\$2.00,	50c.

### LIQUORS.

Gal.	
\$1.75	N. E. Rum,
3.50	Mt. Vernon, the finest
Bot. Case.	prices as

Lawrence's "old Medford Rum,"  
 St. Croix,

Gibson's Extra High Matured,	\$1.25	\$10.00	Miller's Game Cock,	1.50
Old Crow "Hermitage,"			Canallan, "Club," Imported	1.50
"Pepper,"	1.25	10.00		

### ROXBURY RYE.

The cleanest, purest and best Rye Whiskey in the U. S., made by Geo. T. Gambril & Co., Washington, Co., Md.

Per Bottle,	\$1.00,	1.25,	1.50.
Per Case,	10.00	12.00,	15.00.

### ALES.

	Dozen,	Half
Beadleston and Woortz, "Imperial,"	\$1.25	\$11.
Burke's Bass Ale,	2.00	18.
McMullin's "White Label,"	2.00	19.

**P. H. HORGAN, 224 Thomas Street**

<p>Miscellaneous.</p> <p><b>Where?</b></p> <p>WHY CALL THE <b>DRUGGISTS</b></p>	<p>Miscellaneous.</p> <p><b>The First Paper</b></p> <p>TO ARRIVE <b>SUNDAY</b> IS THE</p>
---	---

**PROVIDENCE**  
**SUNDAY JOURNAL**  
 It has a column of  
**SPECIAL INTER-**  
**TO**  
**NEWPORTE**

Leads the march on the road of  
**"Freedom from Coughs."**

---

NICE  
**ORANGES,**  
 only 17c. per dozen.

**New**  
**Self-Raising**  
**BUCKWHEAT,**

15 and 25 cents.

**PER PACKAGE.**

**SAYER BROS'**

**146 THAMES STREET,**  
**283 THAMES STREET,**  
**NEWPORT, N. I.**

**JAMES H. BARNEY, JR.**  
**154 Thames Street**  
 opp. Boston Store.  
**RHODE ISLAND**

**F. M. STEVENS,**  
**PAINTER,**  
**152 BROADWAY.**  
 1860 1864

1893—1894.

CAPITAL

1 000.00

**Surolus \$5000**

---

Transacta General Banking and  
near,  
ALLOWS INTEREST on account

**Flagg's Bargain Store,**  
12 FRANKLIN STREET,  
(Opposite the Post Office.)

Chair Seats, all sizes, 10c; 3-arm Towel Racks, 5c; 5-arm Towel Racks, 17c; galvanized 1 gallon Oil Cans, 35c; Coffee Pots, 15c, 35c.

70c.; Dinner Pail, 30c.; tin Tea Kettle, 50c.;  
 Creamer, 75c.; Milk Pan, 75c.; Wash  
 tub, 75c.; Knite Boxes, 50c.; Dust Pan, 30c.;  
 Floor Sifter, 45c.; Dish Pan, 30c.; Wood Bowl,  
 25c.; Wash Tub, 50c.; Wash Pan, 25c.;  
 per quart; Pudding and Dairy Pan, 30c.;  
 Bann Bread, 5c. and 10c.; Chamber Pail, 30c.;  
 Wash Pan, 25c.; Wash Tub, 50c.;  
 20c.; Sprinkling Pot, 30c. and 40c.; Clothes,  
 Sore, Sore and Hair Brushes, 10c. each; Towel  
 Ring, 25c.; Soap Dish, 25c.; Soap Box, 25c.;  
 els, 30c. and 15c.; Soap Pail, 10c. Paper, 5c.;  
 tin down; Ammonia water, 2 bottles 15c.;  
 Paper, 10c.; Soap, 10c.; Soap, 10c.;  
 Boards, 10c.; Camp or Kitchen, 45c. for 15c.; Straw

75c; 5c; Dinner Pail, 30c; tin Tea Kettle, 50c; and Steamers, 25c; Browsers or Toasters, 1c and 10c; Knife Boxes, 10c; Duff Pans, 50c; Flour Sifters, 15c; Dish Pans, 30c; Wood Bowls, 10c; Faced Pans, 5c; 10c; 25c; tin Pails, 30c; Soap Cakes, 10c; Soap Boxes, 10c; Soap, 10c; Sewing Machines, 50c and 10c; Chamber Pails, 30c; Small Fry Pans, 10c and 15c; Milk Cans, 10c, 20c; Sprinkling Pots, 10c; Duff Pans, 50c; Stoves, 50c and Half Bushels, 10c each; Towel Rollers, 10c; Steel Gridlces, 5c; Small Black Cast Iron, 10c; 15c; 20c; Family Shelf Paper, 5c; 10c; 15c; 20c; 25c; 30c; 35c; 40c; Toilet Paper, 10c; Cupboards, and Checker Boards, 10c; Carpet Machines, 40c, 50c, 75c; Straw Cakes, 10c; Found of Corn, 5c; and 3c, and many other articles at low prices.











